

and guides. When we do wrong the heart feels sad, but as we turn to Jesus this feeling changes. If you do not turn to him you reject his helpfulness and commit an offence against yourself and him. Jesus is never unkind or resentful nor in any way unforgiving toward anyone, for his heart is all love, and a heart all love can hold no such feelings. Perhaps sometimes in your heart there are feelings of anger, hate or resentment against one who has injured you, you wish the person harm, you think of yourself as having been mistreated or injured. Such feelings interrupt the flow of love in the heart. Jesus could not have such a heart as this and you should not. Jesus taught us to forgive our enemies that we might be like our Father in heaven. (Matt. 5:44, 45.) If then one acts in accordance with that loving helpful spirit and trustfully takes Jesus forgiveness, a happy union with him will surely follow.

Fredricktown, Ohio-

The Home

When I Was a Boy

Up in the attic where I slept
When I was a boy—a little boy!—
In thru the lattice the moonlight crept,
Bringing a tide of dreams that swept
Over the low red trundle-bed,
Bathing the tangled curly head,
While moonbeams played at hide and seek
With the dimples on each sun-browned cheek—
When I was a boy—a little boy!

And, O, the dreams, the dreams I dreamed
When I was a boy—a little boy!
For the grace that thru the lattice streamed
Over my folded eyelids seemed
To have the gift of prophecy,
And to bring me glimpses of times to be
Where manhood's clarion seemed to call.
Ah, that was the sweetest dream of all—
When I was a boy—a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep
When I was a boy—a little boy!
For in at the lattice the moon would peep,
Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep
The crosses and griefs of the years away
From the heart that is weary and faint today,
And those dreams should give me back again
The peace I have never known since then—
When I was a boy—a little boy!

—Eugene Field.

How Frank Won

Selected

A prize of one hundred dollars, to be used for educational purposes was offered in a school for boys. Among the contestants was a boy of seventeen, named Frank Harlow. He did not succeed in winning the prize, and, a day or two later, one of his school-mates, named Harry Murks, said to him: "Didn't get the prize, did you, Frank?"

"No, I did not," replied Frank, cheerfully.

"Feel kind o' cut up over it, don't you?"

"No; not particularly."

"Well, I'd hate to make as hard a fight as you made to win that prize, and then fail."

"I don't think I have failed, Harry."

"Well, I'd like to know why you haven't failed! Didn't George Dayton win the prize?"

"Yes, I know that he won the money, but I won just as much as George in that which comes from hard study. But you know, Harry, if you will excuse me for saying it, your failure has been most marked."

"My failure! Why, what do you mean? I didn't go in for the prize at all. I made no attempt to win it."

"I know it," replied Frank, and then he added: "They fail, and they alone, who have not striven."

"Oh, I see what you mean," said Harry, rather soberly. "I suppose that there is something in that."

"There is a good deal in it," replied Frank. "It is so true that not one of the eighteen boys who competed for the prize may be said to have failed. All of us won the prize that comes from honest effort, and it was a pretty big prize for most of us. I thought at first that I would not compete for the prize, for I felt quite confident that some of the other boys were so much further advanced than I was that I had very little chance of winning in the contest. But one day I came across this verse:

"Straight from the mighty bow this truth is driven:
They fail, and they alone, who have not striven."

"That's a fact," I said to myself, and I went to work, and did my very best."

"You stood next to George Dayton at the examination, too," said Harry. "No, Frank, you did not fail, after all."

Harry was right. How could Frank fail to be a winner after such an effort?

Taking Time for the Best Things

Christian Advocate.

One cannot do every thing. Some things must be left for others. Some things must be left for the future. There is time enough for each one to do everything that should be done. Time must be redeemed. There is no time to waste, no time to be killed. Wise men have accomplished wonders in fragments of time which others throw away.

A common excuse for neglect of important duties is want of time. The busy mother neglects the improvement of her mental faculties because she has no time. She sees her children growing in knowledge and becoming more and more intelligent, while she is standing still in her intellectual life. She is being left behind by her children. She is losing touch with them in an important department of life. Her household duties must be performed. She cannot read.

But what is time for? Self-improvement is one of the most important duties. One can afford to neglect household duties as well as to neglect intellectual improvement. The influence of a mother over her children for good depends as much on her intellectual improvement as upon her housekeeping. Neither the one nor the other should be neg-

lected, but neither should occupy so much time that the other must be neglected. Everyone can afford to take time for intellectual improvement.

Some time must be given to social life, some to bodily and mental recreation, some to business, some to spiritual interests. The most important thing is the spiritual life. Many a man attempts to justify his neglect of prayer and worship on the ground that he is too busy. He has time to make money, time to buy and sell, time to study the markets and the laws of finance, but no time to seek the salvation of his soul. The folly of this course could hardly be excelled. There is no comparison between one's financial interests and the salvation of his soul. No sensible person will maintain that temporal things should be neglected. But it would be far better to neglect temporal affairs in the interest of religion than to neglect religion in the interest of money or business. There is no occasion to neglect either. Let both be attended to well. Take time to transact business, to buy and sell, to do everything that a good citizen should do. Take time also to serve God. Time spent in repentance, in prayer, in searching the Scriptures, in family and public and secret worship and communion with God, in whatever is necessary to the improvement of the spiritual life, is not wasted time. On the contrary, it will yield larger returns than time spent in any other way. Take time for religious work. Take time to visit the sick, to minister to the poor and needy, to aid in every worthy form of benevolence.

The days of our years are few. For each one we must give account. Many shall answer with shame. If they would consider what they are doing they would be ashamed now. Think of spending all one's time on the things that perish, while the things which are eternal are within our reach. Think of the folly of devoting ten hours each day to money-making, and only ten minutes to the good work of laying up treasures in heaven. Think of giving ten hours a day to the body, and less than ten minutes to the soul. How can we answer for our time? Take time from business, from household care, from worldly pleasure, from the things that injure soul and body, and devote it to the best things.

Shadi's Prayer

Selected.

A missionary lady had a little Hindu orphan named Shadi living with her. She had taught him about Jesus, and one night, when he was six years old, she said to him:

"Now, pray a little prayer of your own."

And what do you think Shadi's prayer was? It was a good prayer for any little child to make, for it was this:

"Dear Jesus, make me like what you were when you were six years old."

The closest walk with God is the sweetest heaven than can be enjoyed on earth.—
Brainard.